Empress 34

Chapter 34: What Is a Medical Miracle

"Mr. Wald is in good health, nothing serious."

The doctor adjusted his glasses, shook his hairstyle that signified strength, and said somewhat puzzled:

"There's just one thing I don't quite understand. Mr. Wald's long-standing low blood pressure has recently shown signs of improvement. Do you have any idea why?"

Roland coughed lightly, interrupting the doctor, and asked before Madam Wald could, "Doctor, are there any dietary or other considerations to note?"

The doctor looked at Roland, then at Madam Wald, and said with a smile:

"Not much, just rest more, avoid alcohol and smoking, and you'll be fine after a period of rest."

After sending the doctor away, Madam Wald couldn't help but rebuke the old man. With outsiders present, Wald kept silent and just listened quietly.

But when his wife took the opportunity to suggest he retire due to illness, he sat up immediately, furious.

"Do you think it's possible to just retire on a whim? This is a life-and-death power struggle, not a tea party or a joke!"

He felt a headache coming on.

Why is everyone like this?

Sylph is ignorant, and the wife who has been with him for decades doesn't understand either.

He doesn’t want to be the Minister of Internal Affairs for even a day more.

If he could retire, he would have done so long ago!

Retiring now means his whole family would not escape reckoning.

Though Sussex is vast, only the exile land of the Northern Locke Province could accommodate his family.

As for himself, Monarch Square’s streetlamps are always looking for more ornaments; he might just play that role.

Want to remain neutral? As the Empress’ teacher, he was long since marked with the Imperial Faction’s seal.

Although he was walking on thin ice, there was no retreat.

He glanced at his wife wearily, feeling somewhat disheartened. Even after living together for decades, she still didn’t understand him.

"You go ahead; I have a few words to say to Roland."

Madam Wald, aware he had no choice, sighed and left reluctantly.

After unrelated personnel withdrew, Wald stared at Roland, unable to speak for a while.

After a long time, he finally spoke slowly, his hoarse voice filled with exhaustion, "I am old; the Empire’s future ultimately depends on you and Sylph. You must assist her well!"

Roland solemnly agreed, though internally he muttered, You're only mentioning me and Empress Sylph; what about Count Sif? Did you forget her, old man?

It seems that in Teacher Wald and the Empress' eyes, Sif is nothing more than a tool.

Thinking of how hard Sif works for the Empress without even earning the right to a name, Roland felt a bit of pity for her.

In Roland's eyes, Count Sif, although similarly detached from worldly concerns, had a mind sharper than Sylph's.

At least she had the acumen to realize Sylph's refusal of Alben posed significant issues and hurriedly left the Imperial Palace to discuss it with Roland.

Not understanding isn't critical, as long as one has the self-awareness to seek help from those who do understand.

It's only people like Sylph who remain blissfully ignorant.

Roland's impression of the Empress slid from that of a beautiful and exquisite vase to a beautiful and exquisite vase that occasionally caused mishaps.

Unlike Sif.

This was his fair assessment of the Empress.

Of course, this was just internal criticism; he wouldn't reveal this impression in front of Count Sif.

After all, they are good sisters.

It's inappropriate to sow discord among close relations.

They both hail from the Imperial Family, both are pampered greenhouse flowers, yet the gap is so wide.

How great it would be if Count Sif were the Empress.

This fleeting and audacious thought made Roland break out in a cold sweat.

Far too audacious.

This was truly an untouchable topic!

If Sif had any ambition, he would certainly support her. But he absolutely couldn’t reveal even a hint of this, or else the painstakingly established persona would instantly crumble.

Stop, must stop!

Wald had no idea what Roland was thinking; if he did, his low blood pressure might improve even faster.

After chatting idly with Roland for a while, Wald appeared somewhat drowsy, and his energy waned visibly.

Seeing that Wald wasn’t feeling well, Roland got up to say goodbye, offering a few comforting words before preparing to leave.

Just as he was about to rise, Wald opened his eyes and said in a deep voice:

"Roland, wait."

Roland stopped in his tracks and returned to his seat, knowing that Teacher Wald had reached the main point.

Wald hesitated for a moment, then slowly said, "Roland, you and Sylph are both Transcendents, but are just entering the realm and still quite naive. How much do you know about Transcendents?"

"Not much. I understand the gist that competition among Transcendents requires stepping over the bodies of one's peers. Luckily, Her Highness Sylph and I have different advancement paths, so there's no conflict."

"There is one similarity between you both: you each have an insurmountable mountain."

Wald sighed, "In fact, every Transcendent has an insurmountable mountain. There are two paths to Transcendent advancement. The first is the righteous path, achieving results in one's field that surpass the era. The second is the wicked path, using the blood of peers as a sacrifice."

"Empress Sofia wishes to be the greatest empress in five hundred years, to advance by achievements on the righteous path. Her ambition is immense. Yet if anyone shatters her dreams, she doesn't mind resorting to the blood sacrifice of her peers."

"She wishes the righteous path, but many can't achieve this; they must use the blood of peers as a sacrifice — they are hungry wolves hunting in the night."

Wald coughed lightly and said slowly, "Only the blood of a Transcendent of the same direction and Tier can be the medium for advancement. You currently possess Lori's blood, allowing you to advance."

Roland shook his head, "Unless I have no other choice, I won't do that. I will keep the spoils of war; only if there's no other way will I consider it."

Wald nodded, continuing:

"Most Transcendents choose the righteous path, unless there's no other way. But there is indeed in our land a literary giant with the intention to ascend the wicked path, and he's the mountain you must cross. Once you reach Tier Seven, you'll face him."

"That person is William Macbeth."

Wald slowly uttered the name.

Roland’s brows furrowed slightly, asking in surprise, "Wasn’t William dead a few years ago?"

"When the sacrifice appears, he will ’revive.’"

Roland suddenly understood — it was a feigned death.

Pretending to be dead, to deceive the successors into advancing to Tier Seven, then to reap the rewards.

An old schemer, indeed.

Wald lowered his voice and said slowly, "This matter is extremely confidential, known by none. I haven’t even told Sylph, as knowing wouldn’t benefit her."

Roland’s heart stirred.

Here it was.

This was the exclusive secret Wald shared with him.

It also represented his recognition of Roland.

Wald was the Empress’ teacher, playing the role of military advisor to the Empress — just as he played his role with Count Sif.

Getting along well was truly important.

After sharing this invaluable secret with Roland, Wald’s complexion turned a bit rosier, and he said with a smile:

"Roland, I’m old and can’t withstand overseas tumults. I’ll remain in the Imperial Capital and the Cabinet, to mediate from within. Once you go overseas, I’ll entrust Sylph to your care."

"I won’t talk about you being buried along with her if anything happens. You’re tied to her interests; I believe you’ll certainly take care of her."

"Are you willing to swear allegiance to her?"

Here it came, Roland thought to himself silently.

First offering a sweet reward, then binding him with interests, displaying both kindness and authority.

Wald was fair at least, handing out the candy first.

Roland had anticipated this question and presented his prepared answer, "Swear allegiance? I don’t see the necessity for that."